ABILENE REFLECTOR

—PUBLISHED BY—

REFLECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE DREAM OF WOMANHOOD.

I.

A little girl with auburn hair,
And eyes so blue,
Of heaven's own hue,
And features all so wondrous fair.

She sings in childhood's gleeful verse
Of simple toys
And peaceful joys;
The future claims no thought of hers.

II.

A maiden fair, just woman grown,
With eyes so bright,
Thro' the dark night
Awaits her lover's welcome tone.

She sings in modest tones of glee:
"O, lover mine,
On ocean's brine
Come back, oh, safely come to me."

III.

A mother's love shines in her eyes;
A mother's grace
Beams in her face;
A mother's faith that never dies.

She sings in soft, maternal strain:
"My babe, my love,
My little dove,
Quick shall thy father come again."

IV.

With frenzied face and ashen cheek,
Upon her knee,
With eyes at sea,
She gazes on the waters bleak.

She prays, with heart so sad, yet brave:
"From stress of wave
O, Father, save
My husband's bark! O, Father, save!"

V.

With furrowed brow and silvered head
She sits alone,
Children all gone,
She sits and muses on the dead.

As fast the years of life now flee,
With eyesight dim
She sings that hymn,
"Nearer, my God, nearer to Thee."

—W. A. Buxton, in Yankee Blade.

DAN DUNSTAN'S CLAIM.

Graphic Relation of His Troubles in Holding It Down.

It was generally conceded in the Wolf Creek community that Daniel Dunstan had no more sense than the law allowed him—and his liberty.

It was no wonder, then, that when a certain Mr. Lockyear, a "claim locator," struck Wolf Creek in search of recruits for the far West, one of the "suckers" that was caught was Dan.

It was a memorable day for Wolf Creek when Lockyear and Dan Dunstan left it, for on that day one of the lard tanks at the pork house exploded, killing three men, thirteen hogs and a Chinaman.

Still more remarkable was Dan's return. To the astonishment of every one he came back, three years later, with a "bushel of money," built the Dunstan House at a cost of $120,000, and married the daughter of the president of the bank.

Some said: "A fool for luck, anyhow;" but the better-natured exclaimed: "Bully for Dan!"

A few of the latter were invited to dine one evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, when the former gratified his guests by telling them how he had made his money.

"None of you fellows ever 'held down a claim?'" None of them had. "Well, then," said Mr. Dunstan, "take advice that has cost me a few hundred dollars, and don't."

"But it seems to have panned out all right in your case," said one.

"So it has. But I'll tell you; they say, 'A fool for luck——'"

"And a poor man for dogs," interrupted another.

"That's right. Well, I decided to take up land 'outside the limits;' so when we got to Sage station I hired a wagon and team, and we drove about thirty miles due south, where old Lockyear said there was a fine valley, 'you betcher.'

"I somehow didn't think the old cuss knew much about the country; but still, after driving pretty nearly all day, we did eventually find a nice-looking valley—and he appeared to recognize it at once. After figuring a little, he said we were in 'range' 61, and about 'town' (township) 13; so we hunted around for a government corner; having at last found one, Lockyear tied his handkerchief round the front wheel of the wagon, and drove while I counted the revolutions.

"We were pretty tired; the country was sandy, and the sun pretty hot, so before I had counted out two 'sections' I dropped off to sleep and fell out of the wagon; that started the horses, and away they went with Lockyear. They must have run pretty straight, for it was the township corner that upset the wagon."

Mr. Dunstan paused to minister to his guests. Mrs. D. sensibly withdrew; which action being silently taken as a signal for the cigar of peace, the host continued:

"I located in that valley, on a nice little stream which old Lockyear assured me would never 'dry up—you betcher.' I remember the way he shook his head as he said it. It had been an exceptional winter for snow, or that little stream never would have been on the surface—it never has since; it 'runs under.'

"Well, I filed on the northwest quarter of 10 as a 'homestead,' and the northeast quarter as a 'tree claim.' It was out of the question to grow trees—they wouldn't live; I never knew any one to prove up on a 'tree claim.' The way they do is to hold on to it for the two years and then sell the 'right'—if its worth any thing—to some one to 'pre-empt.'

"It was four miles from a ranche, and there I boarded with the 'granger' (the 'outfit' were away on the 'round up') until I got my house up and well dug.

"He was a nice man ('Honest John' they called him), and he promised to help me out. When I got down with the well so I couldn't throw the dirt out any more overhead, he came down and drew it up for me.

"It was on one of these occasions (I was down the well) when a waterspout burst about three miles north of us, and came roaring down the valley. We had just time to get into the shantee, when over it went and us in it. The door being on the south side, it had us nicely cooped. You see, I had the shantee up first, but couldn't live in it till we struck water; this was another simple trick! I should have dug the well first, but then, you see, I had reckoned on the stream—and that went back on me.

"It was while we were cooped up there, and the rain driving through the cracks in the floor (which now stood to the north, of course,) that John said:

"'Dan, didn't you say this was the northwest quarter of 10?' (He was sitting there on the side of the overturned stove, despite the way the lightning flashed, just as unconcerned as if things were right side up.)

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Seems to me mighty strange,' said John. 'Why our place is on 36, in the next "town" west.'

"This set me to thinking, and sure enough, when I got a land agent down the next week to survey it out, he just said that old Lockyear 'was a fool, and had worked me for a sucker.' The land that I had 'filed on' was over two miles away. So I had to file on the same piece over again as a 'pre-emption,' and lose my 'homestead right' for nothing, and didn't get the money back either.

"When we set the shantee up again we put her down solid, you bet!

"I got John to 'break' two acres for me (as required to 'prove up'), and I put in a patch of beans. Then the drought set in. The beans came up about four inches, and there they stood! Where in thunder was I to get sticks from? That was a thing I hadn't thought of; but it didn't appear as if they would ever need any, anyhow.

"I was out one day after antelope (I 'rustled' all my meat, except a ham now and then as a luxury), when I happened to come across a large patch of sunflowers, where an old sheep corral had stood, and just happened to be struck with the idea, why shouldn't these sunflowers make the best kind of bean sticks? So I came the next few days and dug up young ones, about a foot high, and set down one to every hill of beans.

"There they stood. For a month neither of 'em grew an inch, but the beans just twisted round and took hold. I could see that my scheme was going to work like a charm!

"At the end of the month we had a good storm, and I looked out with satisfaction on the crops. How they did shoot up in that one day!

"But the next day was a scorcher. I thought toward afternoon that those beans looked sort o' sickly—and sickly they were! When I came to investigate the matter, the sunflowers had grown at least two feet, and had taken every last bean up with 'em—by the roots—and their name was Dennis!"

Mr. Dunstan paused, and then went on:

"I had to go thirty miles after my mail. Sometimes I used to go up and back in a day, and sometimes up one day and back the next. Sage was a pretty poor place to stay at, and what few people there were there used to say with a smile when they saw me:

"'Hello, Dan! How's crops down your way?' You see that bean racket had got out on me. But they don't act that way now.

"Although when I was at home at the shantee no one would ever come in sight except John, yet, somehow, when I was away they could find the place right enough.

"One time when I returned from Sage all that was left of my chickens (I had two hens and a rooster) was a plateful of bones and the old rooster (he was a tough old cuss). The shantee was full of feathers, and the two heads and insides laid on the table—but my guests had gone.

"Single blessedness didn't suit that old rooster (I believe he had a deal more sense than I had), for day by day he wilted; until one morning, when he could crow no more, I found him on his back, dead, with his head turned up and his feet stretched out, one behind the other, pointing to the east in an attitude of derision. Perhaps you don't believe it, but I missed that old rooster as if he had been something human.

"Then a skunk took up his abode under the floor of the shantee.

"And the grasshoppers came, and, take my word for it, gentlemen, they would have eaten all the siding off the house (there was a fine crop of sunflowers, but they didn't appear æsthetic), but, luckily, a strong wind got up and took them farther west (to perish, I hope!) before they had their job finished.

"Another time I rode up to Sage and back the next day. As I got near home I saw several ponies standing round outside the shantee; when I got there and looked in there sat four 'cow punchers' as unconcerned as you please, round the table, playing 'seven up.' The fire was out, a pile of dirty cups, plates and dishes stood on the stove, they were all chewing tobacco, and the place was in a fine mess, I can tell you. One of them saw me standing there looking astonished, so he said:

"'Come in. Don't stand knocking.'

"'Boys,' I said, looking round at the mess there was, 'why don't you come out here with the spade and go to shovelling dirt in——'

"Another interrupted me with:

"'Is your name Dan?'

"When I said that it was, they got up. One started the fire, another went to the well to fill the kettle, the third got a broom and went to sweeping up, the other threw a cloth over his arm and commenced to wash dishes.

"When the fire burnt up, one went to the corner of the house, where an antelope hung, and began to cut steaks.

"'I believe I'd a little sooner have ham,' said I.

"They looked at one another, and then one said: 'I reckon if he wants ham' (he spoke as though addressing the others, not me) 'he'll have to turn cannibal,' and in corroboration another produced the ham bone.

"However, they stayed the night, and we put in a right sociable evening, playing poker. When they left next morning I was sorry to see them go, for all my spare cash went with 'em—and in those times thirty odd dollars was thirty odd hard iron dollars.

"But beans, skunks, grasshoppers and 'cow punchers' were nothing. There came, a few days later a poor man from Missouri.

"He had come West to make a home for his family, and 'rare 'em up with the country;' the East was 'overstocked.' He took up the north half of the section cornering on mine, and lived with me while he dug his well and got his house up (of course I helped him.)

"So the time passed, and I thought I was glad to have a neighbor.

"He said that his family were on the road with the furniture and stock, and 'he reckoned, since all was fixed (he had put up a good deal bigger house than mine, but 'reckoned he could furnish it,') he'd go East and meet 'em.'

"As I had advertised to prove up, I persuaded him to stay a week longer (you see, it would take the family a matter of seven weeks or more to drive out from Missouri) and be one of my witnesses.

"Well, I 'proved up' (after considerable trouble; but then, you see, I was 'green,' and didn't 'catch on' that the judge only made these obstacles to get $10 or $20 or so for himself). 'Honest John' was my other witness.

"I looked up north from the shantee one day, about noon, and here came a cloud of dust. In it I could see a 'prairie schooner' and some cattle trailing behind.

"When they came up quite close I was able to 'take in' the whole outfit. Sitting on the front seat, and looking out from under the wagon cover, was the old man; next him was his wife—a youngster in each arm, and strung along for two or three hundred yards behind were cattle, horses and children of all sorts and sizes, till you couldn't see out. To this day I don't know how many there was in that family, for I never took the trouble to 'round 'em up.'

"It was about a week after they had got fairly settled, when the old man came over to me one morning with the two biggest boys, one of them a fine-grown fellow about sixteen.

"'Fine lad that,' I said, as I shook hands with the boy; 'I suppose he's the eldest?'

"'No, replied the lad smartly. 'Let me see (he reckoned on his fingers), there's five gals and two boys older'n me—but I can lick 'em.

"'You see,' said the father proudly, 'Bill here is left-handed. That's it, why he is such a right smart chance of a lad. Yer see, we raised 'em up (such raisin' as they had) on hash; they had it set out to 'em in a big bowl. All the rest of 'em is right-handed. Waal, they would all go for it, till round and round went the hash in the bowl, so as none of 'em could catch much beside soup. Then Bill come in with his left-handed sweeps, yer see, and caught all the chunks. But,' he went on, just as I was going to speak, 'I come over this morning ter see you on bisness. Seems ter me it's about time this township had a schoolhouse.'

"The deuce, you say,' I exclaimed (for you see we were the only two settlers, and half the expense would come on me). 'But,' I added, 'I've got no children to send to school, so I don't see how it affects me.'

"'More fool you,' he replied—and I don't know now whether he meant for having no children or for not seeing how his having enough for both (or a dozen, for the matter of that) affected me.

"'You see,' he went on in an authoritative tone, 'the law provides that when there is a certain number of children in a township there must be a scotible schoolhouse. Now you and me is the only voters—in fact, we're the school board and the taxpayers. Sort o' rocky on you, 'he broke off, 'but laws is laws!'

"Perhaps the old man saw a queer kind of expression on my face, for he added quickly:

"'Maybe you don't think that I've got as many children as the law provides——'

"'I don't doubt it one bit! I broke in (you see, I was sort o' hot), but there's a pile of difference between the law providing for 'em and Dan Dunstan doing it.

"But I saw clearly that I was at fault for having no family of my own; and, I swore that that should be amended 'just to get even with him.'

"So we went peaceably to work together, and put up the school-house on the 'school section.'

"We had nearly finished tacking down the floor one day—the old man was wedging up with a chisel while I tacked down—when he looked up and said:

"'Dan, you ain't exactly fixed to board a "schoolmarm" (he startled me, for, you see, I hadn't thought any thing about a school teacher), and I ain't got room; how would it strike yer if my eldest gal—she's got her certificate—taught the kids?'

"I said, very agreeably, that 'it would strike me where the wool was short' for, you see, I thought that the girl would be glad to teach her own brothers and sisters, and any one else would want pay. I thought he just asked for my consent, so that the motion would be carried unanimously.

"'Waal,' he went on, 'I've talked it over, and, bein' as things is as they are, she's willin' to teach our school (hanged if he didn't lay stress on 'our') for $28 dollars a month; we couldn't get any one else less'n $30.'

"This fairly knocked the breath out of me, I can tell you, gentlemen. Was I going to pay $14 a month for the benefit of having his kids whooping and howling around like Indians? Not much, I wasn't! But I didn't let on.

"When I got home I shook the coal-oil can. There was about a gallon or so left.

"Early in the morning (before daybreak) I got up, caught my horse and saddled him, rolled up the bedding and tied it on behind the saddle in a pack, and slung my rifle under the stirrup-leather. Then, when all was fixed, I sprinkled the coal-oil round on the floor and took a match——"

In the laughter of his guests at this point Mr. Dunstan lost the thread of his story. Presently he continued:

"I hadn't got more than ten miles or so up the valley, when I was met by a buggy load of men evidently headed for our valley. The driver knew me (he came from Sage). I saw that it was a survey party by their instruments.

"'Hello, Dan!' exclaimed the driver, 'these gentlemen were just coming down to your place—want to know whether you can board 'em?'

"'Can't board any thing,' I answered.

"They looked at me as though they would have liked to ask, 'What kind of a man are you?' before I added:

"'I'm burnt out.'

"'That's tough,' said one or two of them.

"Then they told me they were going down to 'cross-section' the old railway survey which ran through our valley, and that the contractors were going to commence work at once to extend the M. & G. through to the coal fields. They wanted to have used my shantee for a time while at work in our valley, for the survey ran across one corner of my land (it was a 'claim' no longer, for I had my 'patent.')

"This was something new to me and I began to wish that I hadn't been quite so hasty.

"'We might fix you up in the schoolhouse,' I suggested; 'that is, until I can run up another shantee.' I began to think that it might pay me after all to stay and submit to that $14 a month.

"'What in the world are you doing with a school away down in here?' asked the 'chief.'

"Well, to cut a long story short, it was from that day my luck commenced.

"Before winter set in the 'cars' were running up the valley. They made a station on the next section to mine. The valley (and a good deal that wasn't valley) was thickly settled and well irrigated within a year. Our town (White City, a well known place now) had a boom. It was made the capital of the county, as you know, and we've got the finest court house in the State.'

"I had to lay out my land in town lots. I sold over $50,000 worth in six months, and still she booms.

"So now you know how I made my pile and became 'Mr. Dunstan' in place of plain 'Dan.'"—Cornhill Magazine.

TASTE IN DRESS.

A Pleasant Field in Which Many Women Find Employment.

A young lady who was about selecting a chapeau in one of our leading business houses the other day remarked that "it was enough to make one's hair grow gray to select something becoming from the bewildering variety displayed in the military show-room;" and there is little doubt but that many women add several wrinkles to their countenances each season in this way. It might be supposed that most women would have little difficulty in suiting themselves with styles and colors suited to their complexion, but such is not really the case, for frequently an article that excites admiration to look at is quite inappropriate and unbecoming to wear.

In Europe wealthy women are willing to pay high prices to artists in the millinery line for making the selection of the attire most calculated to enhance their charms or conceal their defects, and give themselves no further trouble except to pay the bills. This is followed to some extent in New York. There are several competent women who make a business of buying goods, and are also at the service of any lady who wishes for their company upon a shopping expedition.

They are thoroughly posted regarding the latest fashions, the prices of materials, where the cheapest and best articles can be found, and their advise is valuable in regard to what is most becoming and suitable for those who employ them. They make no charge for their services, as the merchants are willing to give them a percentage on their sales. These ladies are registered at the leading establishments, and consequently thoroughly reliable, and as the goods in such houses are marked in plain figures, no extortion is possible. Any number of women with artistic tastes should find employment in this field, but it requires a thorough acquaintance with every class of wares, a constant study of fashionable literature, business ability and, above all, a facility of producing the best effect in dress upon all varieties of age, style and complexion.

A lady who was always attired with great taste told us her secret was to copy the dress of a woman whom she met on the street, a counterpart of herself, and who was dressed to perfection. It is rather a pity that ladies of wealth should not follow the example of those of other countries and employ a lady's maid and companion, as there are so many agreeable and well-educated young women who would gladly occupy such a position, and the number is increasing every day.—N. Y. Star.

ROOSTS FOR POULTRY.

Let the Perches Be on a Level with Each Other, and Easily Removable.

The instinct of self-preservation prompts fowls to perch upon the highest point they can attain when seeking the roosts at night. This is done because they naturally desire to be far above the reach of danger from below, this same instinct prompting them to seek shelter to avoid enemies that fly in the air. This instinct of the fowl is well known, and yet a large majority of breeders construct their roosts in such a manner as to have their rear cross piece higher than the next, and so continuing until the first one is quite low. If any one would take a look into the quarters at night after the fowls have retired, it will be seen that no matter how much room there may be on the roosts, a portion of the lower space will be unoccupied, while the higher poles will be crowded, the fowls being as compactly pressed together as though the packing process had been purposely done to get them all as high as possible.

There are several objections to such roosts, not only so far as the discomfort of the fowls is concerned, but because they are unsightly, unhandy, and filthy. The gridiron roost, with its low and high perches, is an obstacle in the way of cleaning the coop. It takes up unnecessary space, and it compels the heavy fowls to jump higher, at the risk of knocking over the small ones, and an occasional fall is the consequence when coming off. Not only are the feet injured, but bruises and jars to the body are also the result. Perches should all be on the level with each other, and should be made easily removable. By so doing the fowls will not crowd each other, and the perches can be cleaned and washed with coal oil occasionally. No injury from getting on or off will occur, and no conflict for preference of position will take place, to say nothing of superior, ventilation, etc.—Ohio Farmer.

WHEN PEOPLE MARRY.

Some Valuable Statistics in Regard to Men and Women.

Thirteen per cent. of all the men married in Pennsylvania last year married women older than themselves. Seven per cent. took wives of their own ages, and the remaining 80 per cent. married women younger than themselves. The average age of the men was 27 years and of the women 23 years. These interesting facts are found in the annual report for 1888 of Secretary of Internal Affairs Thomas J. Stewart, which contains much other curious information about the matrimonial propensities of Pennsylvania. Thus it appears that more men are married at the age of 23 than at any other, and that among women 21 is the favorite age. The youngest wife of 1888 was only 13 years old, and the oldest was aged 71. Two boys of 16 were married, and two old graybeards of 86 ventured into matrimony, probably not for the first time. Of 14,726 women married, and whose ages were given, 4,065, or 27.5 per cent., were less than 20 years old. Among the men there were only 493 who were so young. There were 23 girls of 14 years married, 105 of 15, 353 of 16, 816 of 17, 1,333 of 18, 1,434 of 19, 1,322 of 20, 2,041 of 21, 1,517 of 22, and 1,140 of 23. After the latter age the numbers of those who found husbands rapidly decline. These figures show that if a Pennsylvania girl is not married by the time she is 23 years old the chances are that she will become an old maid.

Men proceed more leisurely about matrimony. Besides the two 16-year-old husbands in 1888 there were 38 aged 17, 128 18 years old, and 325 19 years old. The figures then take a jump to 637 at 20 and reach the maximum in 1,565 at 23. They decrease slowly after that. There were 437 men married after they were 50 years old, but only 171 women.

There was a remarkable disparity in the ages of some of the couples. A woman of 59 years married a man of 31, and an old man of 74 wedded a maiden of 24. The youngest couple were a 17-year-old husband and a 15-year-old wife. The girl of 13 wedded a man 19 years older than herself. A man of 54 married a girl of 18, his age being just three times hers, and a man of 48 did nearly as well, taking a 17-year-old wife.

In the marriages where the women were older than the men the differences in ages rarely exceeded five years. There were eighty-three marriages where one of the parties had previously been divorced.

It is estimated that there were 6,000 marriages of couples from this State in Camden alone, and, of course, there must have been very many more in cities and towns in other States bordering on Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia Record.

AMERICA'S OLDEST CITY.

A Condensed History of the Town of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

There is no doubt that St. Augustine is the oldest settlement of white men in this country, but Santa Fe is called the oldest city because it was a city before the coming of the white man. When the Spaniards first made their way to the heart of this country, about 1542, the site of the present city of Santa Fe was occupied by a prosperous and populous pueblo (town) of the Indians. The expedition of Alvar Nunez penetrated New Mexico in 1537, that of Marco de Niza followed in 1539, but Coronado is believed to have been the first to push his journey as far as the Santa Fe town. Several other expeditions, more or less unsuccessful, entered the country, endeavoring to establish missions among the natives. These explorers uniformly reported that these people were considerably advanced in civilization, that they manufactured clothing and weapons, built houses of stone several stories high, and cultivated the soil with diligence, and worked mines of gold and silver. It was not until about 1590 that any permanent Spanish settlements were made. The Spaniards then literally took possession of the country, built towns, laid out roads, increased the commerce of the country, and especially increased the yield of the mines by extensive workings. They literally enslaved the natives, compelling them to serve them in every way. In 1646 the Spaniards made Santa Fe the capital of their new dominions, which, they called New Mexico. But the Indians rebelled against their new masters, especially because of the toilsome labor in the mines, and in 1680 they rose in numbers, massacred nearly all of their oppressors, and drove the remainder from the country as far south as El Paso del Norte. After several attempts the Spaniards regained possession of the country in 1698. Santa Fe was a Mexican city until it was taken by the United States under General Kearney in 1846. A Confederate army from Texas captured the city March 10, 1862, but were forced to evacuate it on April 8 following.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted a veteran, as the orchestra at the saengerfest began to play a selection. "You must be quiet," said one of the ushers, rushing up to him. "Not much I musn't," said the veteran, "not when that is played. I used to belong to that regiment, and I'll shout for the boys as long as the Almighty gives me breath." "Your regiment! What do you mean?" asked the usher, as the crowd waited to hear the result of the disturbance. "That's what I mean," said the veteran, putting his finger on the programme. "There it is. Twelfth Mass! That's my regiment! The old Twelfth Maasachusetts! We fought from Bull Run to Five Forks!" It was only when he was convinced that it was a piece of church music that he would consent to be quieted.—Detroit Journal.

—According to a Georgia paper, there passed through Elberton a few weeks ago en route to Atlanta a man who, although ninety-one years old, was in search of a situation and confident of soon finding one. In 1830 he practised law in Elberton and was a young lawyer of marked ability, giving promise of achieving much fame and prestige. He emigrated to the West and is now penniless. After the lapse of fifty-nine years he returns to the scenes of his early life.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

Reasons Which Make a Consulship a Very Tempting Prize.

No offices under our Government are more eagerly sought for, when a new President comes in, than consulships. At present the rush for consulships is said to be greater than ever before, the applications exceeding many fold the number of the consulships themselves.

A consulship, indeed, is, on many accounts, a very tempting prize; especially one situated in one of the more attractive cities or towns in Great Britain or on the continent. It enables the occupant to live in the midst of historic scenes and the centers of art and pleasure, and to make tours to many points of interest. The work of a consul is not often very difficult, and he has large powers in fulfilling his duties.

A consul, moreover, enjoys social distinction and privileges in the city or town where he is stationed. He is invited to occupy a reserved place at all public celebrations, and is freely admitted into official circles.

On the other hand, a consul really has large responsibilities in performing his duties, which make it very important that he should be carefully selected, with a view to their efficient discharge.

Consulships are mainly of two kinds—inland and seaport consulships; and the duties attached to these two positions differ somewhat. It is the main task of an inland consul to certify to the correctness of the invoices of the merchandise which is sent from his consular district to the United States; while the consul at a seaport finds that besides certifying invoices, he has to perform certain duties relative to the American ships which arrive at and depart from his port.

There has been much just complaint that goods coming from Europe to the United States are sometimes undervalued; that is, that the invoices contain statements that the goods are sold to the importer at prices smaller than they really are thus sold; and this, for the double purpose of reducing the duty on the goods, and of enabling the purchaser to undersell his competitors.

This evil may be greatly lessened, at least, by competent inland consuls. If they have capacity and efficiency, they will learn to judge very nearly the actual market value of the goods exported from their districts; and by requiring, in each case, samples of the goods, they will be able to decide whether the invoices presented to them for certificate are true or fraudulent.

In short, every consul at an inland post—like Manchester or Leeds in England, Lyons in France, Berlin in Germany—should become an expert in the merchandise sent to this country from his point.

This is said in order that the importance of carefully selecting persons of capacity to hold the consulships may be seen. A consul should be familiar with the language of the country where he is to reside; and if anywhere on the European continent, he should also have a knowledge of French. He should be well-grounded in commercial and international law; and in manners he should be a gentleman. Personal qualities go a great way in Europe in fulfilling such duties as a consul is called upon to perform, and in winning respect for the country which the consul represents.—Youth's Companion.

—In 1866 Henry Irving stood on the stage of a theater at Liverpool wondering what he should do in the summer months, when he would be left without an engagement or a shilling. A letter was brought to him from Dion Boucicault, offering him a part in a new play and asking his terms. "Six pounds a week," he wrote, and added that he hoped the part was a good one. The anwer was characteristic: "Dear Sir: The part is a good one. The salary is more than I intended giving, but I never bargain with an artist. Yours, Dion Boucicault."